



B. Picart inv. IMAGINATION. J. Pine Sculp. 1720.  
Aldergate Street.



B. Picart inv. IMAGINATION. J. Pine Sculp. 1720.  
Aldergate Street.



no 43. 5/6 30/11/40 5  
7 O N A H,  
*Bible - Old A Test - Jonah*

# POETICAL PARAPHRASE.

Inscrib'd to the  
Reverend Mr. *Isaac Watts.*

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected and Adorn'd  
with Sculptures.

To which are also added,  
POETICAL PARAPHRASES on several  
Other Places of Scripture.  
*by Joseph Mitchell*

*Nil Mortale loquor.* Horat.



LONDON: Printed for AARON WARD at the King's  
Arms in Little-Britain; and JOHN OSWALD at the  
Bible in White's Alley in Chancery-Lane. M.DCC.XXIV.  
Price One Shilling.

THE NEW YORK

LIBRARY OF THE

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

67th Street, New York City

1880

1880



THE NEW YORK LIBRARY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



To the REVEREND

Mr. *Isaac Watts*,

SIR,



ONE reason of publishing this Poem, is, because so few modern AUTHORS employ their pens in divine compositions; which, of all others, best deserve to be attempted and read: And the

A 2

only

## DEDICATION.

only reason of this Dedication, is, to make a publick and thankful acknowledgment of your undeserv'd respect to me, who, at vast distance, endeavour to imitate your Muse.

I own, Sir, the prefixing of your name to any thing, I am capable to perform, can be no considerable compliment, nor a suitable expression of my gratitude, to you: And, after having been so bold, as not to consult you upon a thing, which your modesty wou'd hardly have permitted, I ought to account my self very successful, if (in consideration of my having pass'd over your excellent Qualities in profound silence)

you



## DEDICATION.

you are pleas'd to forgive the freedom I have taken, on this occasion.

As I am extremely tender of giving distaste to you, by a fashionable representation of your merits to your self; so I will not impertinently describe them to the world, that knows you so well. Your own works praise you: And who has not read your works? While Poetry, sacred to devotion, virtue, and friendship, is duely valued by men; Mr WATTS *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his other divine productions, will be favourite books.

As to my self and this performance, I shall only say, that,  
what-



## DEDICATION.

whatever exceptions may be made against it by the criticks; if it contribute to the great ends of poetry, the advancement of true virtue, and the reformation of mankind; if it may raise an emulation amongst our young poets to attempt divine compositions, and help to wipe off the censure, which the numerous labours of the muses are justly charg'd with; if it serve any of these purposes, I shall be satisfy'd, tho' I gain no reputation by it among those, who read a new poem with no other view, than to pass a judgment upon the abilities of the Author. If you, Sir, accept it, as a testimony of my sincere

## DEDICATION.

cere respect, I shall easily endure the worst, that can be said of it, by another.

It might have been more profitable, had I, like my fellow-AUTHORS, address'd some great, mony'd, man, in a fulsom panegyrick, at the head of my work: Yet, I am sure, it wou'd not have been so honourable for me, who cou'd not, without breach of duty, inscribe it to a different name; nor wou'd my poem have got such a sanction from a patron of less allowed skill, in the heavenly art.

May your God, whom you serve in the known character of a good christian and a good poet,

## DEDICATION.

poet, rebuke your tedious indisposition of body, whereby the publick suffers so considerably. And may you long be preserv'd for the common benefit of your country, 'till a brighter scene of transport and immortality is open'd.

*I am,*

*with the greatest Truth and Respect,*

*S I R,*

*Your most obliged,*

*and most obedient Servant,*

**JOSEPH MITCHILL.**



JONAH,  
A  
POEM.

---



HOW Heav'n, provok'd, an aw-  
ful look assumes,  
And human kind to just de-  
struction dooms;  
What wrests the thunder from  
*Jehovah's* hand,  
And saves, from ruin, a rebellious land;  
What reconciles the furious winds to peace,  
And makes the waves their fierce contention cease;

B

Sing



Sing, heav'nly muse, in thy religious strains;  
The pleasure will compensate all the pains.

“ Eternal spirit, favour the design,  
“ Inspire my Thoughts, and polish ev'ry line.  
“ Where sacred precepts oft successeless prove,  
“ Examples, to advantage shewn, may move.

In early times, well known to publick fame,  
A City flourish'd, *Nineveh* by name,  
First built, and peopl'd, by *Assyrian* Bands,  
That spread their conquests o'er the eastern lands.  
*Armenian Tigris* thro' her forc'd a way,  
With stream majestick, to the *Persian* sea.  
Walls high and broad were rear'd for her defence,  
Fifty long miles in wide circumference.  
As shrubs are lost beneath the awful shade  
Of tow'ring trees, she rais'd her lofty head [great!  
O'er neighbouring towns; at home more rich, and  
Abroad more fam'd for merchandise, and state!

But, ah! how basely *Men* dominion use,  
And providence's liberal gifts abuse?

What



What dire effects from ease and plenty flow?  
And to what heights does vice, unpunish'd, grow?  
Lust, rapine, blood, idolatry, and strife,  
(The sure attendants of luxurious life)  
Like floods, unbounded, pour'd their forces in,  
And *Nineveh* was delug'd o'er with sin.  
What foreign foes cou'd not, by force, obtain,  
Thro' many a long, and hazardous, campaign,  
Was basely yielded, by themselves, in peace,  
As people grew effeminate by ease.  
Now, losing sense of honour, and of fame,  
They reign in vice, and triumph in their shame;  
Like brutes undisciplin'd, licentious, rove,  
And act whate'er their fancies most approve.  
Here, adoration to the stones is paid.  
There, guilty Lovers in the streets are laid.  
Riot and Death in ev'ry corner reign,  
And the whole city turn'd a hideous scene.  
Now, nigh an end appears the day of grace,  
And Judgment ripens to destroy the place;  
On wings of wind, the ministers of wrath  
Equip themselves, to scatter gen'ral death,  
When soothing mercy thus, for patience, cry'd,  
"Must *Nineveh* be then, at once, destroy'd?"

" True, she has sinn'd, and merits dreadful woe ;  
 " But, does Heav'n always treat its Creatures so ?  
 " Thou usest not to punish all alike,  
 " And unrelenting, in thy justice, strike.  
 " With those, that better means have had, than they,  
 " Who blindly wander from thy righteous way,  
 " Wilt thou deal kinder ? Shall thy mercy spare  
 " Ungrateful Rebels, and be wanting here ?  
 " Perhaps, were they instructed in thy law,  
 " They'd serve thee better, and stand more in awe :  
 " Or, were they warn'd, before the woe is sent,  
 " They'd hear thy voice, and, as they hear, repent.  
 " O let thy goodness still its sway maintain,  
 " And prove the glory of th' Almighty's reign.  
 " May Mercy, with engaging charms, arrest  
 " Thy hand, and thence the vengeful thunder wrest.

Th' Almighty hearken'd with a gracious ear,  
 And had regard to the prevailing pray'r ;  
 By it o'ercome, aside his wrath he laid,  
 And, full of pity, threat'ning Angels staid.

Then soon to *Jonah*, old *Amittai's* son,  
 In *Judah's* land, was God's commission known.

" Haste,

# J O N A H

- " Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great,
- " And warn the people of approaching fate;
- " Tell 'em, from me, that, e're the night and day
- " Twice twenty times, by turns, assert their sway,
- " Their boasted numbers, to destruction doom'd,
- " Shall sudden be, like *Sodom's* sons, consum'd;
- " Unless, by speedy penitence and pray'r,
- " They gain admittance to our gracious ear.

The Prophet's mind a sudden terror fill'd,  
 And, thro' his veins, a trembling horror thrill'd;  
 O'er all his vitals dire confusion hung,  
 And falt'ring accents die upon his tongue.  
 His limbs turn feeble, hairs as bristles rise,  
 Pale grows his face, and darkness strikes his eyes.  
 This way and that he turns his thoughtful mind,  
 Now loves, now flights, the purpose he design'd.  
 Sometimes resolves, his message to perform;  
 Sometimes he dreads, to plunge in such a storm.  
 Pensive in doubt his way-ward mind remains,  
 'Till slavish fear the government obtains.  
 The dastard passion drives him blindly on,  
 'Till sense of shame and gratitude was gone.



# 6 J O N A H.

Now he, distracted, makes attempt to fly,  
And hide himself from the omniscient eye.  
Vain man ! to think there was a distant land  
Beyond the reach of an almighty hand :  
Or he, who knows the inward heart of man,  
Does weigh each word, and ev'ry action scan,  
Cou'd not pursue the sinner, where he goes,  
And overtake him with avenging woes.

In th' utmost coasts of *Judah* is a scene,  
Where *Taurus'* cliffs o'erlook the spacious main,  
That *Dan's* bless'd off-spring, in their portion, got,  
When *Jacob's* race did *Canaan* share by lot.  
Hither the flying Prophet came, and found,  
Evn to his wish, a ship for *Cydnus* bound ;  
Distrusting Heav'n, sought safety from the Sea,  
And hop'd to 'scape the dangerous *Nineveh*.

The passage hir'd, the shouting fellow-train  
Their Canvas spread, and launch into the Main.  
Assisted by a gentle gale of wind,  
They skim the deep, and hope the port assign'd.

Then

Then from his high *Empyreal* abode,  
In storms and tempests down *Jehovah* rode.  
A dark pavilion o'er the deep he spread,  
And, from the awful gloom, he, threat'ning said.

“ Does Rébel *Jonah* try t' elude my fight,  
“ Or ward my vengeance, by his speedy flight?  
“ Tho' from the land, where I am known, he flies,  
“ Hopes he to sculk from my omniscient eyes?  
“ And were he safely landed on the shore,  
“ Cou'd *Tarsus* hide him from avenging pow'r?  
“ But soon, as I confound the spacious main,  
“ He'll know that universal is my reign.

He said, and sudden from their noisy cave,  
Th' imprison'd winds, in hasty tumult, rave.  
Thunder and lightning, with portentous glare,  
Incessant flash, and grumble thro' the air.  
Dread Hurricanes, and raging tempests, rise,  
Embroider the deep, and dash the distant skies.  
A gloom of clouds the face of day o'er-spreads,  
And wild confusion fills the oozy beds.

Now



# 8 J O N A H.

Now *Alps* of water bears the vessel high;  
 Then, buried in th' abyfs, ſhe ſeems to lye.  
 The ſails are torn, the ropes aſunder break,  
 The ſides are bruiſ'd, and ſlipp'ry is the deck.  
 A ghafly paleneſs, in each face, appears,  
 And Death, portended, aggravates their fears.  
 To their deaf Gods the Sailors turn their eyes,  
 And tell their caſe, in diſregarded cries.  
 Some, on their knees, old *Ocean's* grace implore,  
 And, to appeaſe him, ſacrifice their ſtore.  
 To *Leda's* ſons ſome tell their mournful tale,  
 And ſome with *Jove* endeavour to prevail.  
 Like *Balaam's* Priests, they cry aloud, in vain:  
 No fancy'd God, or knew, or cur'd, their pain.  
 Relentleſs Juſtice heightens ſtill the ſtorm,  
 And ruin ſtares, in ev'ry frightful form.

But *Jonah*, harden'd in his dire offence,  
 And thoughtleſs of the turn of providence;  
 Howe'er the cauſe of all the threat'ning woe,  
 Retir'd alone, and hid himſelf below.

Asleep, or ſtunn'd, no dangers cou'd awake  
 His ſenſeleſs mind, 'till thus the Pilot ſpake;

“ Thou

“ Thou sluggard, who, amidst our common  
 “ woes,  
 “ Can’st thus, unmov’d, thy self to death expose;  
 “ What art thou? Where are all thy senses gone?  
 “ Ha’st thou no God? Or know’st thou there is one?  
 “ Shake off thy slumber, and devoutly sue  
 “ For common safety to thy self, and crew.  
 “ Perhaps thy guardian, for thy sake, may send  
 “ Relief to thee, that may us all befriend.

Thus he most sluggish was, who most had sinn’d,  
 And thus a Heathen rouz’d a Prophet’s mind!

Mean while the sailors hold a hot debate  
 About the cause of their impending fate.  
 One reckons murder is the fatal spring;  
 Another treason ’gainst the State, or King.  
 But all agreed some impious wretch was there,  
 On whose account, the Gods were so severe:  
 And all resolv’d to find him out, by lot,  
 Whoe’er he was, or whatsoe’er his fault.

Now,

Now, one by one, their trembling hands advance !  
 Each was afraid the lot shou'd prove his chance.  
 Each looks with terror on his actions past,  
 And, at the thoughts of dying, stands aghast.  
 Each thought the tempest for his crimes was sent ;  
 And all look'd pale about the dire event.

Vain were their fears ; for *Jonah* was to come,  
*Jonah* ! the cause, the subject, of the doom.  
 The trembling wretch, no sooner shook the urn,  
 Than all their eyes on him, the guilty, turn.  
 All, curious, press to learn from whence he came,  
 What his condition was, and what his name.  
 Conscious of ill, he feels an inward smart,  
 And sad distraction rages in his heart.  
 His outward form declares his secret pain ;  
 For looks the language of the soul explain.

How easy 'tis for men to murder fame !  
 But who can stifle his own sense of shame ?  
 The wretch, that to an abject state is thrown,  
 Than mankind's favour, loses more his own.

There



There is a judge in ev'ry human breast,  
The source of constant trouble, or of rest.  
This inmate friend, or foe, will still prevail,  
And overtake the sinner under sail :  
Swifter than wind, it flies where'er he goes,  
And bears along a Train of cutting woes.  
No crime so secret, but it ponders well,  
And reprehends with an interior Hell.  
This guest, unseen, now dreadfully appears,  
To hollow Rebel thro' the Prophet's ears.  
Prompted by it, he frank confession made,  
And, after silence was commanded, said ;

“ 'Twou'd be in vain for me, with fly deceit,  
“ To plead not-guilty, and my cause debate.  
“ He, whom the jarring elements obey,  
“ Who governs all things with despotick sway,  
“ To whom all nature's open at a view,  
“ Wou'd soon my crime, as now he does, pursue :  
“ Favour'd as others of that chosen race,  
“ The seed of *Jacob*, objects of his grace,

My

" My lot was cast in *Judah's* pleasant land,  
 " Where joyn'd I was to a distinguish'd band,  
 " That knows God's mind, and bears his high com-  
 mand.

" Long had I dwelt in *Sion's* holy hill,  
 " And prophesy'd to men my master's will,  
 " When, by commission, I was charg'd to go,  
 " And warn th' *Assyrians* of approaching woe.  
 " Yet, much distrustful providential care,  
 " I rather chose to fly, than perish there.

" Unthinking wretch! to disobey my God.  
 " Since sad destruction waits his awful nod;  
 " And they, that sin against the clearest light,  
 " Provoke him most t' exert his vengeful might.  
 " Now, here I stand an object of his wrath,  
 " And, for my sake, you're all expos'd to death.  
 " Ye charge the horrors of the deep in vain,  
 " And, to deaf idol Deities, complain.  
 " His word, that turn'd these wat'ry worlds to flame,  
 " That flame to tempest, can alone the tempest tame.

The



The sailors now, with this account, amaz'd,  
 All trembling stood, and on each other gaz'd.  
 A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to their hearts,  
 Thrill'd in their veins, and froze their inward parts.  
 All, for the Prophet, utmost pity show'd,  
 And, as they cou'd, the sinking vessel row'd.  
 But winds rage furious, swelling billows roar,  
 Clouds clafh with clouds, and lightnings play the  
 All nature wore confusion in her face, (more.  
 And seem'd as jostled from her proper place.  
 The luminaries of the Heav'ns were pent,  
 And sheets of curling smoke involv'd the firmament.

So, when the grim Inhabitants of Hell,  
 From realms of light, for disobedience, fell,  
 Nothing was heard around the dreary coasts,  
 But sullen moans and cries of tortur'd ghosts :  
 And nought was seen, but gleams of sulph'rous light,  
 Which joyn'd the gloom, and made more dreadful  
 night.

Now hopes were lost, and all essays thought vain,  
 To *Jonah* thus the sailors turn again.

14 J O N A H.

“ Since by thy fault (as thou did’st now confess)  
 “ We labour, helpless, in this dire distress,  
 “ Tell, if thou know’st thy pow’rful Deity’s will.  
 “ How we may best the raging tempest still;  
 “ What means are needful, to appease his wrath,  
 “ And save our selves, if possible, from death.

The prophet, trembling, made ’em this reply;

“ T’ atone for guilt, the guilty soul must die.  
 “ For me alone hath happ’ned all this woe:  
 “ The storm is mine, not your avenging foe.  
 “ Maké haste to plunge me, in the swelling deep,  
 “ And all your cares, and all the winds, shall sleep.  
 “ Soon as the ship of such a weight is eas’d,  
 “ A calm shall spread, and Justice be appeas’d.

Again, the pitying sailors ply’d their Oars,  
 With skill and strength, to reach the *Tarshan* shores.  
 But ceas’d, at length, t’ employ a fruitless care,  
 And thus to Heav’n address’d their pious pray’r.

“ O

onfess)

s will.

th,

n.

ply;

die.

leep,

l sleep.

l,

d.

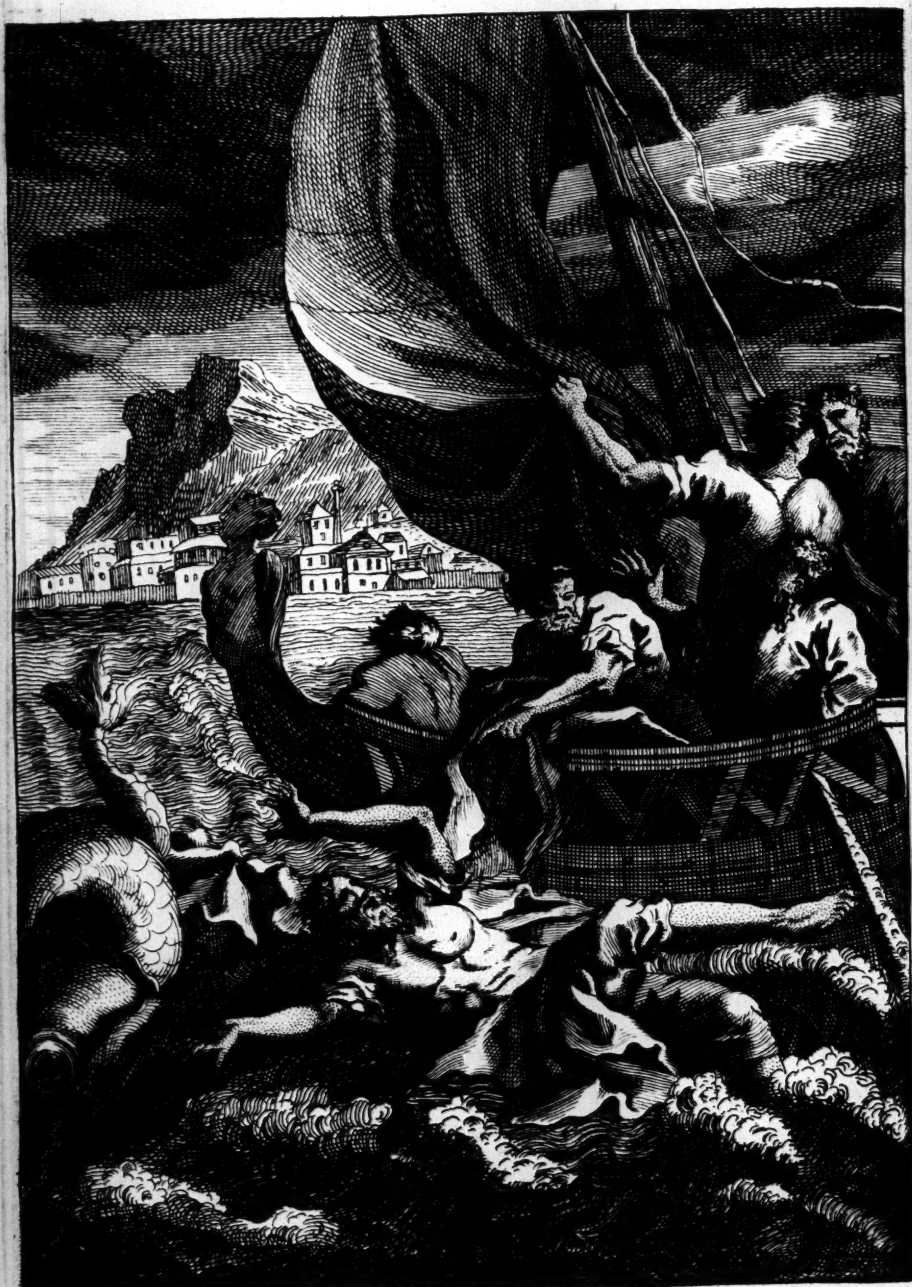
shores.

are,

y'r.

“ O

3 MR 55





- “ O pow’rful being ! of all Gods the best !  
 “ Regard, we pray, regard our sad request.  
 “ Thou know’st, we thirst not for thy servant’s life,  
 “ Nor are we prompted by revengeful strife ;  
 “ We covet not the riches he enjoys,  
 “ Nor is his death our pleasure, but his choice.  
 “ Thee, by his crimes, he has enrag’d ; and now  
 “ Thy Justice threatens to inflict the blow.  
 “ We Instruments are only in thy hand,  
 “ To execute what justice does demand.  
 “ Then, from the guilt of blood, thy suppliants save,  
 “ Nor satisfaction, in thy fury, crave.

With strange reluctance, the obedient crew  
 Into the deep the Rebel *Jonah* threw.  
 Down he descends ; and o’er his destin’d head  
 The waters close——he’s number’d with the dead.  
 But, as he sinks, the winds retire apace,  
 No more the billows ruffle *Ocean’s* face ;  
 The clouds disperse, the air appears serene,  
 And sacred silence reigns o’er all the main.

So, at the dawning of our new made world,  
 When jarring elements apart were hurl'd,  
 Rude *Chaos* from his old dominion fled,  
 And peaceful order round its influence spread.

Now, struck with wonder, all the sailors raise  
 Their grateful voices to th' Almighty's praise,  
 Are taught with humble reverence to view  
 His wondrous work, and to his wisdom bow.  
 No more they vainly pious tribute bring  
 To their false Gods, but to th' eternal King.  
 Him they adore, and beg his friendly hand,  
 To guide 'em safe to the long wish'd-for land.

What sudden change! The sea is all serene,  
 And gladness in each countenance is seen.  
 All seize their oars, and, with elated minds,  
 To urge their haste, invite the willing winds,  
 The willing winds the spreading sail supply,  
 While from each side the yielding waters fly.  
 Upon the tide the wanton *Dolphins* play.  
 And fair in sight appears the *Tarsian* Bay.

But

But *Jonah*, whom, of late, no ship cou'd save,  
 By care divine, rests in a living grave.  
 With ardent soul to Heav'n for help he pray'd,  
 And Heav'n, in pity, sent him speedy aid.  
 The word was giv'n, and soon the scaly herd  
 Forgot their hunger, and the prey rever'd.  
 Proud to attend the stranger, all draw near,  
 'Till their huge king, Leviathan, appear,  
 That, as a mountain of enormous size,  
 Confounds the deep, and laves the distant skies,  
 O'er finny shoals maintains despotick reign,  
 And rolls, in state, thro' the capacious main.  
 As yawns an Earth-quake, he, at God's command,  
 Strange to relate! does his large Jaws expand,  
 Disclose the hideous cavern of his womb,  
 And there, alive, the trembling Seer entomb.

Now safe within the monstrous Whale he lies,  
 And all the force of winds, and waves, defies.  
 Where light ne'er enter'd, now he draws his breath,  
 And glides serene thro' liquid paths of death.

Yet, whilst our prophet is in prison hurl'd  
Thro' all the lab'rins of the wat'ry world,  
By pow'rful faith, he overcomes despair,  
And, as from Hell, puts up this pious pray'r;

“ To thee, my God, entron'd above the sky,  
“ From dismal caverns of the deep I cry.  
“ No floods, no billows can controul my mind;  
“ The thoughts of man are ever unconfin'd  
“ Unwearied, as the active flames, they move,  
“ And wander thro' the distant realms above.

“ For me, amidst the horrors of my case,  
“ I'll hope for mercy, and implore thy grace.  
“ While thou can'st pardon, tho' thou look'st severe,  
“ There's place for sinner's hope, as well as fear.  
“ Tho' here expell'd, and banish'd from thy sight,  
“ By faith, in my salvation I'll delight.  
“ Why shou'd I, helpless, in my ship-wreck, mourn,  
“ Since faith a judge can to a saviour turn?

“ Tho' darkness round me all her terrors spread,  
“ The dreadful billows bellow o'er my head,

“ And



" And I'm confin'd in caverns of the main,  
 " Amidst my woes, I'll faith and hope maintain.  
 " Thou, who can'st shake the center, can'st controul  
 " The rebel pow'rs of my tumultuous soul,  
 " Restrain the wild disorder of my blood,  
 " And save me from the dangers of the flood.

" More readily, we cannot mercy plead  
 " In our distress, than thou vouchsaf'st thine aid.  
 " Soon as I, sinking in the waters, cry'd,  
 " Thy great command o'er-rul'd the booming tide,  
 " And sent this huge Leviathan, in haste,  
 " To save my life, e're remedy was past.  
 " Could'st thou, when such a guilty wretch did crave,  
 " A miracle perform, his life to save?  
 " And shall I fear thou wilt not find a way,  
 " To shew me yet the pleasant light of day?

" No: thou wilt back a humble captive bring,  
 " And make thy Prophet, in Thy temple, sing.  
 " I'll trust thy mercy, whose Almighty arm  
 " Has pow'r to rescue me from ev'ry harm.  
 " The time will come, when I, for my release,  
 " Shall bless my God, with offerings of peace.

" When

20 J O N A H.

" When freed from all the fetters that surround  
 " And hold me here, as in close prison, bound,  
 " I shall again to men, thy mind reveal,  
 " And of thy pow'r, thy love, and goodness, tell.  
 " It shall be said, thy arm deliv'rance wrought,  
 " And, from th'abyss, a humble suppliant brought.

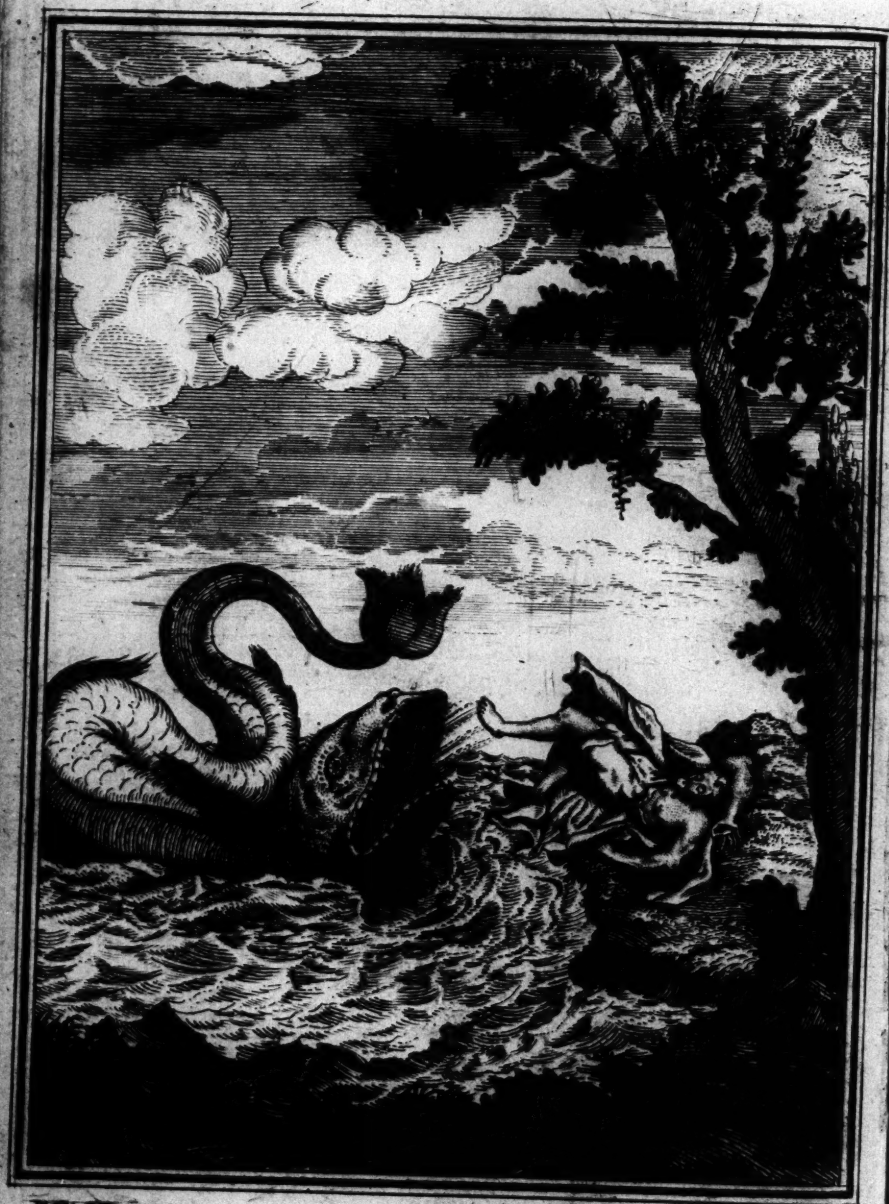
" Ye blinded zealots, who in error stray,  
 " And to deaf Gods your senseless homage pay,  
 " Your vanities with fiery zeal pursue;  
 " Whilst I before th' Eternal's footstool bow:  
 " He scorns the gifts of riches, and of art,  
 " And loves the off'rings of an upright heart,

" O! may I never tempt him, as before,  
 " But always grateful, as I shou'd, adore;  
 " By lip, and life, his glorious praises sound,  
 " And spread the story of mercies round.

The Prophet's suit, with faith and fervour joyn'd,  
 Soon reach'd his throne, and sooth'd th' Almighty's  
 mind.

From

8 MR 55





From deepest dungeons Pray'r can wing its flight,  
 And, uncontroul'd, invade the realms of light.  
 As sun-beams fierce, it scales Heav'n's lofty walls,  
 And the high portals open, when it calls.  
 It's pow'r cou'd stop the chariot of the sun,  
 And, to the flesh, bring back the spirit gone.

Now, thro' th' abyss the restless monster roam'd,  
 And, flound'ring high, anew the billows foam'd.  
 In spite of nature's strong and common laws,  
 He's forced to expand his wide-devouring jaws,  
 And vomit forth, at the divine command,  
 Unhurt, the wond'ring Prophet on the land.

Thrice had the sun his daily race renew'd,  
 E'er *Jonah*, safe, his fellow creatures view'd.  
 A type of that far greater bliss to come,  
 When man's redeemer, buried in a tomb,  
 Shou'd ride victorious o'er infernal pow'rs,  
 Lead captive Death, and break his prison doors!

What can't th' Almighty pow'r of God perform?  
 His word can raise, and sudden calm a storm.

The

The elements from nat'ral jarrs he keeps,  
 And makes unfrozen billows stand in heaps.  
 The dreadful monsters, that infest the main,  
 Are all obsequious subjects of his reign.  
 His word can frustrate Hell's pernicious ends,  
 And, out of cruel foes, make kind protecting friends.

Wet on the shore the wond'ring *Jonah* lay,  
 When soon from Heav'n a voice forbid his stay ;

“ Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great,  
 “ And warn the people of impending fate ;  
 “ Let thy experience teach, that, 'twould be vain  
 “ For thee, unpunish'd, to make shift again.

Now *Jonah* fearing God's displeasure more  
 Than he had done the wrath of men before,  
 To *Nineveh* directs his speedy pace,  
 Nor stop'd, 'till he had reach'd th' appointed place.  
 A place so spacious, that the circling sun, (run.  
 E're it was travell'd round, might thrice his journey

*Aurora* now had just begun to gild  
 The blushing skies, and animate the field,

When

8 MR 55





When *Jonah* enters at the opening gates,  
Nor for a crowded auditory waits ;  
But, breaking silence, boldly thus begins  
To threaten judgments for their crying sins.

“ Attend, ye destin’d citizens, and hear  
“ The dreadful message I, a Prophet, bear.  
“ To you I’m sent by the supreme command,  
“ Of him, whose scepter governs sea and land ;  
“ Whose steddly ballance does the mountains sway,  
“ Whose rein the wild and barbarous beasts obey ;  
“ Around whose throne, array’d in heavenly state,  
“ Myriads of Angels for their orders wait,  
“ In flaming fire, as on the wings of wind,  
“ To punish all that with presumption sinn’d.  
“ Thus, o’er *Gomorrhah*, ripe for weighty wrath,  
“ At one dread nod, he spread a gen’ral death.  
“ And now, e’re yonder globe of radiant light  
“ Twice twenty times dispel the shades of night,  
“ Great *Nineveh*, whose crimes for vengeance cry,  
“ In ruinous heaps, *Gomorrhah* like, shall lye.  
“ Impartial justice, with a hand severe,  
“ No age, no sex, no quality will spare.

“ Riches

“ Riches and pow’r shall prove a weak defence  
“ Against the bolts of God’s omnipotence.

As boldly thus the Prophet cry’d aloud,  
The streets turn’d frequent by the list’ning crowd.  
All sorts of people press, his words to hear, (fear.  
And, conscious of their guilt, the threat’ned vengeance

But who the pain, the destin’d wretches feel,  
Without a sorrow, like their own, can tell?  
Uproar and noise the populous city fill’d,  
And, thro’ all veins, a trembling horror thrill’d.  
Some rave with madness, and confirm’d despair,  
Beat their swoln breasts, and tear their tatter’d hair;  
Whilst others draw in still-born sounds their breath,  
And shiver at the fearful thoughts of death.  
All, earnest, turn to Heav’n their melting eyes,  
And plead for mercy with accented cries.  
Distinctions vanish in the common woe:  
All have deserv’d, and strive to ward, the blow.  
The King himself, the monarch of the east,  
Of highest pomp and luxury possess’d,  
Whose conquering arms, to distant nations spread,  
Make Princes slaves, and fill the world with dread;  
Soon

Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd his ears,  
 Begins to think, and stoops to humble fears,  
 No more his gilded Royalty displays,  
 But, clad in sack-cloth, most devoutly prays.  
 Low on the ground he, prostrate, made his bed,  
 Conven'd his council, and, with, haste decreed,  
 " That all his people instantly shou'd bend  
 " Before th' Almighty, and their Lives amend,  
 " No more in ways of error loosely rove,  
 " But converts to the rules of virtue prove;  
 " Instead of mirth, with a sincere design,  
 " Make publick vows t' atone the wrath divine;  
 " For many days, nor man, nor beast, shou'd taste  
 " Their common fare, but keep a solemn fast;  
 " The costly robes to rags of sack-cloth turn,  
 " And know no pleasure, but repent and mourn;  
 " That Heav'n, perhaps, might shew a gentle face,  
 " And justice yield to mercy's milder grace.

Now *Nineveh* another scene appears,  
 Where laughter reign'd behold a flood of tears!  
 Afflicted all, with penal sack-cloth clad,  
 In ashes, prostrate on the ground, were laid.



26 J O N A H.

The stubborn minds, that never bow'd before,  
 With earnest vows th' Almighty's grace implore.  
 They change their thoughts, their crooked ways  
 (amend,  
 And humbly strive to make their judge their friend;  
 Push the last effort, to revoke their doom,  
 And stop the judgments, now foretold, to come.

The news of danger haughty finners shake,  
 And, at the sight of death, the stubborn Atheists  
 (quake.

Mean while the Prophet leaves the humbl'd town,  
 And waits that God shou'd pour his vengeance down.  
 Alone he wanders, musing, in the fields,  
 And, on a hill, a simple lodging builds.  
 Impatient, oft he turns his gazing eyes  
 To *Nineveh*, the hideous scene of vice.  
 Sometimes he look's for ruin from the winds;  
 Sometimes from angels, (those celestial minds,  
 That round the throne of the Eternal wait,  
 To bear salvation, or vindictive fate.)  
 But vain his anxious hopes! to see the doom.  
 That he had threat'ned very soon wou'd come,

For



For now the cries of *Nineveh* for peace,  
 Prevail with Heav'n, and gain *Jehovah's* grace.  
 Mercy, scarce govern'd by eternal laws,  
 Exerts its force, and triumphs in their cause.  
 So sweet its air, so melting are its charms,  
 It oft with ease omnipotence disarms,  
 Changes his thoughts, his angry brow unbends,  
 And, of a foe, can make the best of friends.

The Prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,  
 His eyes with fire, his breast with fury burn'd.  
 Honour, a bubble which he vainly sought,  
 He fear'd wou'd break, and he be set at nought.

What art thou, Fame, by mortals thus desir'd?  
 With hopes of thee, all human minds are fir'd.  
 Tho' few can be so miserably blind,  
 As not to see thee made of empty wind.  
 Like an enchanted palace in the air,  
 Thou mock'st our grasp, and frustrat'st all our care.  
 In vain we strive, whilst envy has her stings,  
 To hold thee fast, and soar upon thy wings.  
 Yet were we of thy chiefest joys possess'd,  
 What further pleasure cou'd inspire our breast?

What benefit wou'd from the bubble grow,  
When in the Urn, unconscious, laid below?

The Prophet's mind, now discompos'd by care,  
Was thus to Heav'n express'd in hasty pray'r.

“ Had I not reason from thy face to fly,  
“ And chuse, than be affronted thus, to die?  
“ Did I not know thou wou'd'st too soon repent,  
“ And I shou'd be a lying Prophet, sent?  
“ I knew my errand wou'd at length prove vain,  
“ And, I return with dire disgrace again.  
“ Mercy with thee's an attribute below'd,  
“ By which ev'n fate unchangeable is mov'd.  
“ Now since, as formerly I fear'd, my fame  
“ Is, by this mercy, dash'd with endless shame,  
“ What profits life? O let me rather die,  
“ Than live on earth, and suffer infamy.  
“ Take from me, take this hated life away:  
“ Death is the debt that I'm prepar'd to pay.

Th' Almighty heard, and thus with voice of peace  
To *Jonah* spake, and reason'd on his case.

“ Tis

8 MR 55





" 'Tis true, my Prophet; *Nineveh* has sinn'd,  
 " And judgments, as thou threatn'dst, were  
 " design'd.  
 " But, at thy warnings, all the people turn'd,  
 " And, low in sack-cloth, their condition mourn'd;  
 " The conduct of my providence ador'd,  
 " And mercy, with their earnest vows, implor'd.  
 " Dost thou then well to chide my sov'reign grace,  
 " And grudge the good of a repenting place?  
 " Dost thou in mischief take a dear delight?  
 " Have I done wrong, and art thou in the right?  
 " Can anger help thee? Better 'tis to fear,  
 " And learn my dispensations to revere.

This spoke, to sooth the gloomy Prophet's mind,  
 And gave a shelter from the sun and wind,  
 He gave command, and sudden, round his head,  
 A verdant Gourd her shadowing honours spread.  
 The Prophet, pleas'd, improv'd the sent relief,  
 Nor, whilst it lasted, more express'd his grief.  
 Secure beneath the fragrant fruit he sat,  
 To see the tow'rs of *Ninus* bow to fate.  
 But at th' approach of next returning day,  
 The plant that sudden sprung, as sudden dy'd away.

# 30 J O N A H.

Now eastern winds with blust'ring fury rise,  
 Vex all the air, and agitate the skies.  
 The scorching sun-beams play on *Jonah's* head,  
 Exhaust his blood, and lay him almost dead.  
 Fainting, he stretch'd his body on the ground,  
 And spoke his sorrows in a broken sound.  
 Weary of life he wish'd it had an end,  
 And begg'd that God would death immediate send.

Again th' Almighty—does my servant well,  
 With rage, for losing of the Gourd, to swell?

The hasty Prophet, thoughtless, made reply;

“Thou know'st I'm angry, and I wish to die.  
 “Have I not cause, when life a burden grows,  
 “To wish for death; to finish all my woes?  
 “Who cou'd such treatment patiently endure,  
 “And not desire that most effectual cure?  
 “When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die:  
 “For death's a sure retreat from wounding infamy.

Once more to *Jonah* great *Jehovah* spake;

“Dost thou, my servant, such compassion take  
 “Upon

" Upon a Gourd, whose seed thou did'st not sow,  
 " Nor wert at costly pains to make it grow?  
 " Dost thou, thus fondly, place thy dear delight  
 " In what sprung up, and perish'd in a night?  
 " For a frail plant cou'd'st thou express such care,  
 " And shou'd not I a pop'lous city spare?  
 " Can'st thou for such a trifle mourn, and yet  
 " Obdurate look upon a sinking state?  
 " Is mercy strange? Have I not often sworn,  
 " To save the sinners, that repent and turn?  
 " To humour thee, and prop thy tott'ring fame,  
 " Shall I my wonted love, and grace, disclaim,  
 " Upon an humbled people pour my wrath,  
 " And, while they cry for pardon, stop their breath?

" Rash man! thy wicked murmuring forbear,  
 " And think how good, how glorious, 'tis to spare,  
 " Consider *Nineveh's* prodigious round,  
 " In which a world of innocents is found.  
 " If harmless flocks thy pity cannot move,  
 " (Tho' ev'n for them I feel my pleading love.)  
 " Can'st thou no bowels of compassion find,  
 " For tender babes, that never proudly sinn'd?

" Cou'd'st.



32 J O N A H.

" Cou'dst thou see, blended in one common fate,  
 " The young, the old, the lowly, and the great?  
 " Behold' their looks, and hear their moving cries,  
 " With unrelenting heart, and with unmoist'ned eyes?

" No—I shall ne'er the city sacrifice,  
 " So chang'd of late, to humour thy caprice.

Then *Jonah*, struck with sacred awe, adores  
*Jehovah's* conduct, and his grace implores;  
 No longer for the city's safety mourns,  
 But, into triumph, all his sorrow turns.

Be rouz'd, ye finners, and reform betimes,  
 E're threat'ned judgments seize you for your crimes.  
 While mercy courts you with engaging charms,  
 Without delay embrace the offer'd terms.  
 E're long (perhaps, while ye are slumb'ring) Death,  
 In dreadful pomp, may lead the way to wrath.  
 All help, and hope, for ever disappear,  
 When Justice comes, your trembling souls to tear.

O! may the guilty Nations soon repent,  
 Before the shafts of heav'nly rage are sent.

Already



Already Justice mounts an awful throne,  
 Prepar'd to hurl the bolts of vengeance down.  
 Thro' ev'ry land are heard the dire alarms:  
 The hosts of Heav'n seem all to be in arms.  
 Mercy and grace arrest the thunder now,  
 But cannot long divert the threat'ned blow.

Thou, *Watts*, whose pray'r can threat'ned woe  
 suspend,  
 Live long an intercessor, as a friend.  
 Shou'dst thou, offended at our crimes, retire,  
 To thy own seat, in the celestial Quire;  
 Unless, *Elijah* like, thou leav'st behind  
 The pow'rful graces of thy God-like mind;  
 Soon wou'd our sins draw vengeance from the sky,  
 And *Britain's* boasted state in ruin lye.





## Poetical Paraphrases, &c.

---

EXODUS, Chapter 15.

**W**ith notes accented, heav'nly muse, proclaim  
Th' Almighty's pow'r, and sound his  
mercy's fame.

Sing of that God, who, strong, on *Israel's* side,  
Baffled th' *Egyptian* force, and overwhelm'd their pride.

The Lord's my strength, and Saviour: I'll rejoyce  
In him alone: To him exalt my voice.  
He claims the praises of his people most,  
Whose arm appear'd against th' unfriendly host.  
*Jacob*, by strength deriv'd from him, is strong,  
And he, who fav'd, deserves a grateful song.

The Lord is great: while he is our ally,  
We scorn the Heathen's rage, and all their pow'r defy.

He

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 35

He views the weak from his supreme abode,  
And, to their help, appears a gracious God.  
Legions of Executioners, prepar'd,  
Await his orders, for his *Israel's* guard.  
He saw his people slav'd in *Egypt's* land,  
And led them out with an up-lifted hand.  
But all his vengeance waited on their foes,  
And *Pharo's* forces felt the dreadful woes.

As he is ours, he was our father's God!  
With grateful hearts, we'll rear him an abode,  
A sacred pile, an altar to his name,  
There pay our vows, and there his grace proclaim;  
Let's thankful prove for favours done before,  
T'enfure his aid, when next our needs implore.

What pow'r like his? and who can safely stand  
Before his justice, and elude his hand?  
When, sheath'd in arms, he rises up to war,  
He shakes the souls of proudest foes with fear.  
Where is the host, that wou'd not chuse to fly?  
Who wou'd not wish, at his approach, to die?  
What dauntless Hero will his wrath engage?  
What force can grapple with almighty rage?

Thy



### 36 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Thy terrors, Lord, and what a mighty foe  
 Thou art, proud *Pharo*, and his followers, know.  
 They saw thy rolling legions in array  
 To shield thy *Jacob*, in th' appointed way.  
 At thy command, the waves, like mountains, stood!  
 Obsequious rose, in heaps, the foaming flood!  
 'Till *Israel* march'd, on solid ground, between,  
 And, safely, sung the wonders they had seen.  
 But, when the foes, with restless rage, pursu'd,  
 Resolv'd on slaughter, and prepar'd for blood,  
 Swift flew thy Orders, as on wings of wind,  
 Smoke went before, and waters clos'd behind:  
 The foaming billows in the van appear,  
 And whelming surges hang upon the rear.  
 Soon all their forces perish'd in the deep,  
 And boastful *Pharo*' sunk into eternal sleep.  
 Like stones, the horsemen sunk in th' ocean's womb,  
 And waves the whole artillery did entomb.  
 The clashing floods soon cover'd all their pride,  
 As stubble is, by wasting flames, destroy'd.

Who is thine equal, Lord? who can compare  
 With thee; or who thy matchless glory share?

No



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 37

No bounds thy bliss, and sovereign sway, contain:  
No time's dimensions terminate thy reign.  
Thy deeds are strange, and just are all thy ways,  
Ev'n when thy fury all its force displays.  
Death and destruction wait thy awful Nod,  
To punish those, who dare provoke our God.  
While we, who share an int'rest in thy grace,  
See smiles and mercy shining in thy face.  
So, while th' *Egyptians*, buried by thy wrath,  
Lye deep in waves; thy *Israel*, sav'd from death,  
Under th' auspicious conduct of thy hand,  
Pass safe, and joyous, to their promis'd land.

Thy fame around, to distant nations spread,  
Shall fill the heathens with confounding dread.  
*Moab*, *Palestine*, and *Edom*, and the brood  
Of *Pagan* Pow'rs, that long in *Canaan* stood,  
Before thy arm shall sudden melt away,  
Lye dead as stones, and senseless as the clay  
And, when thou bidd'st give *Jacob* place, obey.

From us, O Lord, the objects of thy love,  
Thy grace and goodness never shall remove.

E

Thy

### 38 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Thy word shall stand to thy distinguish'd race,  
And thou wilt lead us to th' appointed place,  
Where *Israel*, fav'd by miracles of thine,  
Shall praise thy name, and plant their colonies divine.



#### P S A L M *the* 29th.

**P**Repare ye princes, who excel in might,  
    Prepare, to do your great Creator right.  
'Tis yours, who rule, his glorious fame to raise,  
And teach your subject world the works of praise.  
Free as his love, and, as his mercy, dear,  
Altars, the scenes of sweet devotion, rear.  
From sacred victims let the odours rise,  
And prove your Temples pure, as *Paradise*.

'Tis He, th' omnipotent, who loudly speaks,  
When dreadful din the clouds asunder breaks.  
The *Ocean* owns his empire, and obeys,  
When He the ensigns of his might displays,  
Whether calm peace serenely its billowy breast,  
Or wavy tempests roar it out of rest.

How

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 39

How full of pow'r his awful voice appears,  
That, from their roots, the stately cedars tears!  
His raging winds the trembling forests rend,  
And proudest boughs, like humble oziers, bend.  
His subtile lightnings fright the savage race,  
And tow'ring hills leap, wondering, from their place.  
The thunder's roar the whole creation shakes,  
Bares the close covert, and the barrier breaks.

O happy *Israel*, shelter'd by your God,  
When he, enrag'd, his terrors sends abroad.  
Safe in his courts, your sacred notes beguile  
The painful hours; while peaceful olives smile.  
And every fruit, that's pleasant to the taste,  
Invites your hand, and speaks the danger past.  
Your guardian's word makes threat'ning ruin cease,  
Supplies your wants, and binds the world in peace.

JE 2

PSALM

40 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

PSALM the 42d.

I.

**S** Corch'd up beneath Heav'n's burning beams,  
And quite fatigu'd with eager chace,  
The hart, in search of cooling streams,  
Flies, trembling, to a hidden place.

II.

Panting, in covert close, she lies,  
And waits the water's fall in vain:  
For want of wish'd refreshment dies,  
Yet dares not venture from her den.

III.

So, forc'd to quit thy blest abode,  
And press'd beneath a crowd of woes,  
My soul aspires to thee, my God,  
To thee, who can afford repose.

IV.

I cry, O source of joys divine,  
When shall I at thy altars bow?

O when



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 41

O when shall I, unbodied, shine,  
And taste what I but long for now?

V.

Shall earth for ever be my home?  
For ever must I drag my chain?  
O bid me to thy presence come,  
And leave behind a Wound of pain.

VI.

While here confin'd, I feed on tears,  
A sad repast to finish'd grief I  
And foes, incessant, wound my ears  
With scoffing at my hop'd relief,

VII.

"Where is, deluded wretch, they cry--  
"Where is thy God, and promis'd aid?  
At once, thy mercy they defy,  
And my calamity upbraid,

VIII.

Hence, to the passing hours of day,  
I beat the time in mournful sighs:

42 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

By night, I give my sorrows way,  
And pierce the shades with doleful cries.

IX.

Whene'er my musing thoughts present  
The happy day I once enjoy'd,  
When I thy Temple did frequent  
With pious friends on every side.

X.

O how I'm pain'd, to call to mind,  
How, on high, solemn, days, I led  
The joyful, sacred, throng inclin'd,  
To rival me, their royal Head!

XI.

But wilt thou ever, O my soul,  
Indulge thy melancholy grief?  
Can'st thou be pleas'd with the controul?  
And use no cordials for relief?

XII.

Is hope quite lost? Is faith no more?  
Has Heav'n no charms, no pow'r to save?

Were

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 43

Were none so much distress'd before?  
What comfort is there in the grave?

XIII.

Exalt thy thoughts to realms above,  
And thence assur'd assistance bring;  
Make him thy trust, who is thy love;  
Thou yet his praise shalt, joyous, sing.

\*\*\*\*\*

PSALM *the 107th. from Verse 22*  
*to 32.*

**O**bserving mortals, who, advent'ous, try  
The Sea, in ships, and threat'ning storms  
defy,

When business calls them, to unfurl their sails,  
And, o'er the surface, scud before the gales,  
They see God's works, on the extended main,  
And view the wonders, which the deeps contain.

Strange sight! when God up-lifts his mighty hand  
O'er the broad floods, and gives the winds command-

To

#### 44 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

In tow'ring heaps the liquid mountains rise,  
And Alps of water dash the vaulted skies.  
Dread tempests rattle, loud the ocean roars,  
And foaming surges lash the sounding shores.

What strange amazement strikes the sailors now,  
When swelling clouds adorn old *Ocean's* brow!  
By turns to Heav'n they mount with awful pride,  
As on the back of rising waves they ride.  
Then dreadful chasms, wide, open in their sight,  
And down they fall to dusky realms of night.  
Thro' daring minds distracting horrors thrill,  
And pannick fears the pale spectators fill.

How thro' the deep, by raging storms o'ercome,  
From side to side, the weary sailors roam!  
The drunkard reels not with so small defence,  
When wine has robb'd his mind of common sense,  
In wild despair they stagger up and down,  
No help appears, and all their wits are gone.  
Death frights their souls, and dimness clouds their  
eyes,  
And nought is left but groans, and undigested cries

Now



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 42

Now to the sov'reign ruler of the sea,  
Who on the floods array'd in majesty,  
Maintains an empire with eternal sway,  
Whose voice the winds and raging waves obey,  
With one consent, they undistinctly roar,  
And seek the mercy, they despis'd before.  
The God, propitious, pities their distress,  
And, with a nod, makes threat'ning tempests cease.  
His pow'rful word makes ev'ry wave subside,  
The waves obedient sink upon the tide.  
A sudden peace controuls the troubled deep,  
And all the shoaly train in grateful silence sleep.

Now, the poor sailors, from distraction freed,  
Exult in heart, and promise to succeed.  
They see with joy the surface of the main  
Serene, and fit for merchandise again.  
To their Deliverer grateful hearts they raise,  
And vow obedience to him all their days.  
He knows the disposition of their mind,  
And waits them to their haven by a gentle wind.

© wou'd

## 46 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

O wou'd the num'rous sons of *Adam* joyn  
Their joyous praise in consort unto mine,  
Thro' the wide world, th' Eternal's name should  
spread.  
And, in his wond'rous works, his gracious love be  
read.



### P S A L M *the* 139th.

#### I.

**T**O thee, omniscient being, I appeal;  
For 'twou'd be vain my actions to conceal,  
From thine all-searching eye!  
The works thy pow'ful hands have wrought,  
In thy immensity of thought,  
For ever open lye.  
My rising up, and lying down,  
My very thoughts to thee are known!  
Known, ere their schemes are modell'd in my mind,  
Before I can their form and likeness find.

Thy

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 47

Thy piercing knowledge scans the whole machine  
And views the *Embryoes* of my heart within.

Which way soe'er I turn my self about,

Thy Godhead finds me out !

Where'er I go, thou my companion art !

Trace I the valley, wood, or hill,

I cannot from omniscience start :

Thou look'st creation thro', and see'st me still !

Go I in publick, thou art there !

In solitude, I'm ne'er alone !

My bed is guarded by thy care !

And all my secret wispers reach thy throne !

Such knowledge is too great for man !

'Tis mystery all ? who comprehend it can ?

It is a depth, that swallows up my mind !

And, like thy self, immense to all mankind !

Ev'n they, who think they understand it most,

Bewilder'd are, and lost !

II.

Cou'd I so foolish, so perfidious, prove,

To think of once deserting God ?

O whether cou'd my fancy mean to rove,

Where omnipresence keeps no fix'd abode ?

Whether



48 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Whether, ah! whether cou'd I run  
Thy universal influences to shun?  
To what retirement cou'd I fly,  
T' elude thy comprehensive eye?  
If to the regions of eternal day  
I take my hasty flight,  
There, dazzled with immediate beams of light,  
I durst not make a stay,  
But downward seek my safer way.  
Then, shou'd I to th' abyss of hell  
For certain refuge go,  
Ev'n there almighty terrors dwell,  
And nourish never-ending woe.  
Unable there my residence to hold,  
If, next, the wings of light I take,  
And, with a spirit, curiously bold,  
Of some strange land a new discovery make,  
Thy swifter pow'r would first arrive,  
And there arrest the fugitive.  
Beneath the cold, or burning, zone,  
No spot remains to providence unknown!  
O hide me, hide me, shades of night!  
Thick darkness is a solid screen.  
Vain wish! one glance of piercing light,  
Can cut the veil, and make the sinner seen.

Non



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 49

Nor need'st thou use our medium of day,  
Thro' night's disguise to clear a way!  
Enthron'd in light, thy self its sacred spring,  
Thou, with one undivided view,  
Uncover'st darkness' closest wing,  
And look'st its horrors thro'.

III.

Thine are the springs, that life and motion give!  
By thee alone, I move and live!  
Long, 'ere my earliest rudiments of thought  
Were found within my mind,  
Thou laid'st the plan of me, now wrought  
Into the likeness of mankind.  
Betimes, I grew the object of thy care!  
Each single thread, in nature's loom,  
By thee, was fashion'd in the womb,  
And curious was my whole provision there!  
Each feature, ligament, and vein,  
The very texture of my heart,  
Were subjects of almighty art.  
Well dost thou know whatever I contain,  
And well thou can'st th' anatomy explain.

F

But

50 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

But whether tends this care divine?  
Why all that waste upon my poor machine?  
“ My wonder, and my gratitude to raise.  
Yes, while I live, with deep amaze,  
I'll wonder at thy works, and sing thy praise.  
Let me into my self retire,  
I cannot want materials for my song:  
Reflection will the muse inspire,  
Awake my harp, and tune my lyre,  
And drop melodious homage from my tongue.  
Thy providence, thy thoughts of love,  
Which, since the maze of life I trod,  
In spite of all my wanderings, gracious prove,  
Increase my wonder, and my debt to God.  
When shall my poor acknowledgments be done?  
When shall I pay the debt I owe?  
Each day, in more arrears I run!  
So high my great account does grow,  
That ev'n revising seems but new begun!

P S A L M



P S A L M *the* 137th.

**T**Was on the banks, which fam'd *Euphrates*  
laves,  
Sad *Israel* sat, beneath a gloomy shade,  
When flowing tears increas'd the crystal waves,  
And doleful groans a scene of horror made.

We, ruminating in our desp'rate grief,  
Recall'd past pleasures to our pensive thought;  
And future woes, debarr'd from all relief,  
Before our wild imagination brought.

Dear *Zion's* lov'd idea chiefly pain'd  
Our tender minds, and magnify'd our woe:  
In bounds, our sorrows cou'd not be detain'd,  
Rememb'ring whence we were compell'd to go.

We gave our selves to melancholy's pow'r;  
Nor grudg'd to feel extremity of fate:  
Too much we cou'd not for our land endure,  
No sorrows cou'd our mighty sufferings rate.

## 52 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

The harps, which oft, in our *Jehovah's* praise,  
To solemn strains in gratitude we strung,  
(Our souls, now discord grown, and dull their lays,)  
On sympathizing willow-trees were hung,

Th' insulting victors our distress to crown,  
And faster bind us in their cruel chains,  
Wou'd, scoffing, have our *Jewish* musick shown,  
To charm their ears, and moderate our pains.

"Let's hear--said they--some chosen *Hebrew* song,  
"One of the airy anthems of your land!  
"Such as once made your virgins trip along,  
"And your *King David* take his harp in hand!

Forbid it, Heaven, that e'er our notes rebound  
In vales unblest! O let no barbarous air  
Prophane the triumphs of a sacred sound!  
We have no numbers, but for dire despair.

No, dearest *Zion*, if we prove ungrate,  
If, while thou mourn'st, we strike a chearful strain,  
This ill be added to our ebb of state,  
Let voice and lyre no more be heard again.

Silent



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 53

Silent for ever may our muses be,  
If we rejoyce in such a tragic time;  
If e'er we think, or dream of ought, but thee;  
Let skill forsake us, for so sad a crime.

O dearest City! Temple of our God!  
Pride of our nation! wonder of the world!  
Tho' captiv'd far from thee, our bless'd abode,  
Shall we from reverence to thy name be hurl'd?

Inhuman conquerors, give your mockings o'er;  
Insist not in your rigorous demand:  
We rather chuse to tune our notes no more,  
Than act such treason to our native land.

Remember, Heav'n, remember, and return;  
With equal sufferings, *Edom's* barbarous spight,  
That urg'd our foes our palaces to burn,  
And laugh'd to see our buildings levell'd quite.

And thou, proud *Babylon*, to ruin doom'd,  
(If grief prophetic can foretel thy woe)  
E're long shalt be, by justice' hand, consum'd,  
And equal taunts, and equal bondage, know.

### 34. *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

O bless'd reverse of fate! O happy they  
Who shall thy streets, with slaughter's pomp, adorn!  
With childrens limbs, and clotted brains, repay  
The ruin, we poor captiv'd *Israel* mourn!



### The VIRTUOUS WOMAN,

*Done from the last Chapter of Solomon's  
Proverbs.*

**R**ANGE the wide world, and search with cu-  
rious eye,  
If you one *Virtuous Woman* can descry.  
'Tis hard to find amongst the fickle race  
A mind and practice, suited to the face.  
But where true virtue on her charms do wait,  
The *Woman's* precious, and her price is great.  
No more the rubies vulgar stones excel  
Than she her sex: But who can fully tell  
What glories in her wondrous conduct dwell?

Her

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 55

Her happy husband, rais'd to fortune's height,  
Trusts her his all, with safety and delight.  
No jealous thoughts invade his peaceful breast;  
No jars and strife his rolling years infest.  
He never needs to check her wild desires,  
Nor an account of what she doth requires.  
He knows she hates extravagance, and strives  
To keep the sacred friendship of their lives.  
Her days devoted to his int'rest roll,  
While with her hands she works the flax and wool.  
Frugality her management adorns,  
And to be idle, or supine, she scorns.  
As merchants bring their cargo from afar,  
And make their riches the effect of care;  
So she, industrious, eminent is made  
By toil domestick, as by foreign trade.  
E're fair *Aurora*, harbinger of day,  
Warns the dark shadows of the night away,  
From bed, the scene of pleasure and repose,  
She rises up, and to her business goes.  
All in her household share her frugal spoil;  
She bribes their stomachs to engage their toil.  
Each gets his victuals from her careful hands,  
And each performs the tasks which she commands.

If

56 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

If she observes a pleasant fertile field,  
With the sweet fruits which honest labours yeild,  
She buys it up, and adds to her estate,  
And plants a vineyard at an equal rate.  
Her food and raiment naturally make  
Her body of wish'd vigour to partake.  
She sees the product of her merchandise  
And modestly approves her conduct wise.  
When nature lies enroll'd in robes of night  
Like lesser suns, her candles spread their light;  
While, with her maidens, frugally she plies  
The winding spindle, and the distaff tries.  
The poor and needy know her gen'rous mind,  
And from her hand diffusive favours find.  
Whate'er is more than serves her moderate house  
She freely spends upon a pious use.  
No storms she fears from an inclement sky,  
Her household's cloth'd in robes of scarlet dye;  
For silk and purple her own cloaths are known;  
Embroider'd works her cov'rings nobly crown;  
Her husband shines upon the crowded streets,  
And still distinguish'd is when he in judgment sits.

The



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 57

The merchants buy, of her domestick care,  
The finest linnen, and rich girdles wear.  
With strength and honour is her person grac'd,  
And lasting joy transports her honest breast.  
To future times her gladness shall remain,  
Her soul is all delight, and all her works are gain.

Whene'er she speaks, the smoothest eloquence  
Flows from her tongue, enrich'd with noble sense.  
Each word of hers drops wisdom gently down,  
Nor is her kindness and her love unknown.  
Well she observes the state of her affairs,  
Her household's conduct, and their frugal cares;  
She laughs at sloth, and scorns to have it said,  
That e'er she eat of idleness the bread.  
Her happy children, with a grateful mind,  
Bless their dear mother, whilst her husband kind  
With inward joy beholds his prudent wife,  
The comfort and contentment of his life;  
And ev'ry fit occasion takes to raise  
Her wondrous worth, and spread her proper praise.  
" In acts of virtue many have done well,  
" But you them all in ev'ry good excel.

ISAIAH,

58 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*



ISAIAH, *Chapter 13.*

SEE! Heav'n's dread banners, waving in the air,  
And signals, scatter'd o'er the hilly ground,  
Shew the approach of vengeance. Hark! the noise  
Makes mountains tremble, and the vales return,  
In shuddering sounds, the weight and din of war,  
The stable rocks confess, with hideous groan,  
The burden of a God; whose awful call  
Summons the nations, far disjoyn'd, together;  
And, round his standard, congregates the pow'rs  
Of heav'n, embattled. Lo! the day is come!  
Awake, O land, and view disasters near.  
See terrors spread, and ruin stalks abroad.  
Already, fear and trembling seize the crowd,  
All hands hang down, and visages grow pale,  
And, thro' each soul, convulsive horrors start.  
No wonder: 'tis th' Omnipotent, who comes,  
Array'd with glory, and begirt with strength.  
He comes revengeful. Prodigies prepare

His

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c* 59

His dreadful march: and wrath around displays  
Its fatal signs, to rouse the slumb'ring world.  
What thunders roar to charge the destin'd foe?  
What arrows thirst for human gore? See! light-  
nings

Flash, in the van! and troops of death stalk horrid  
In the destructive rear! All nature stands astonied,  
And broad creation seeks to shun the fright.

How earth's foundation quakes? what dire con-  
vulsions

Reach heav'n's high arch? ha! sudden night o'er-  
spreads

The starry frame, the planets sculk in clouds.  
The sun, amaz'd, at dawn of day, retires  
To shades. Below distraction reigns around,  
And wild confusion rules the azure space.

Go forth (says God) thou executing sword,  
Ye various instruments of ruin, fly,  
And punish this rebellious land. Allow  
No quarter, nor compound with impious Man.  
Against my foes my indignation burns,  
And, on their land, my vengeance points its course.  
Treasures of fury, and reserves of wrath,

Grown



## 60 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Grown ripe with age, shall pour, at once, their  
force

Collected on this country. In a deluge  
Of purple dye, I'll bathe the vales around,  
And melt the mountains with the people's blood.

The haughty chiefs shall seek, in vain, to hide  
Their destin'd heads: and, with *Plebeian* clay,  
Shall royal carnage mix. He, who before did spurn  
My grace and bounty, low in dust, shall howl  
Beneath my might, and wish release, in vain.  
So desolate I'll lay this sinful realm,  
That savage brutes, at sight of human faces,  
Shall gaze, as men at prodigies, affrighted.

For now the day, the great, tremendous, day,  
Big with the fate of *Babylon*, is come.

The time is come, when God will pay th' arrears  
Of judgment, due to sinners. It comes on  
Adorn'd with all the images of horror.

The Heav'ns, afraid, forsake their place: and earth  
Shakes to its center, and th' Almighty shuns,  
While, brandish'd, in his red right hand, the  
sword

Of



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c.* 61

Of vengeance glares. Lo! Now the radiant  
spoiler,

Fierce, urges on, and lays the country waste.  
Where'er his course the angry victor bends,  
Ruin, in all its horrid forms, pursues,  
No age, no sex, no different rank, or state,  
From common ravage and destruction freed,  
Escapes the pointed mischief. Pow'rs ally'd,  
Partake the people's fate. Promiscuous, all  
Mix in the carnage, as in sin combin'd.  
Mark! how th' insulting conquerors march on,  
With lust and rage, inspir'd. What blood, what  
rapes,

Cry horrible to unrelenting actors?  
How is the fruit of the maternal womb  
Blasted in blossom? What sharp pangs are felt  
By tender mothers? How the infants draw  
Their breath in torture; and, at dawn of life,  
Sink in eternal death? They see the light,  
And, as they see, expire! afflictive scene!

Behold the *Medes*, a formidable race!  
Hasten to spoil. See! how, in dread array,

## 62 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Their legions stretch along contiguous lands !  
They move in triumph, and exult in strength.  
What schemes of death, in ev'ry soldier's thought,  
Are deep revolv'd? Their generous souls condemn  
The *Persian* luxury and wealth. Dauntless, they  
march

To execute th' Almighty's will. Where'er they  
move,

The destin'd foes must yield. Idly, they scorn  
To bend the bow. On every dart, the stings  
Of death attend. No quarter they allow,  
And none in pity spare. All share the fate  
Of bloody war, and desert turns the land.

And thou, O *Babylon*, the great ! the proud !  
Think not to 'scape. Tho' now the boasted head  
Of the *Chaldean* glory, thou shalt fall.

No more shall nations bend before thy throne,  
No more shall tribute humbly wait thy nod.  
Low on the ground, thy tow'ring pomp shall lye,  
And deep in ruin shalt thou hide thy head.  
The stately walls, which now, with impious  
height,

Conceal the clouds from human eye, shall sink

Abject

## Poetical Paraphrases, &c. 63

Abjeſt in earth. The glorious piles, that ſpread  
Luſtre around, and rival ſtars, ſhall waſte  
In all-devouring flames. Nor ſhall mankind  
Repair thy ruin'd domes, thy walls, deſtroy'd ;  
No piring hand exalt thy humbled ſtate.  
To all ſucceeding times thou muſt remain  
An exemplary ſcene of woe : for ever lye  
As curſt *Gomorrhah*, that, with vengeance due,  
Was burnt in fires, for far leſs burning luſt.

The day's at hand, when on thy fruitful ſoil,  
The product of their labour none ſhall reap.  
His tent the wand'ring *Arab* will not ſpread,  
Nor make thy ground his place of reſt. Tho' faint  
With travel, he will ſcare his herd  
From thy embitter'd flood. The careful ſhepherd  
Will warn his roaming flocks from thy remains,  
As o'er thy ruin'd battlements they ſtray,  
Or in thy lowly tow'rs attempt to graze.  
Strangers ſhall ſay, ah ! where is *Babylon* ?  
And when they find where once thou wert, they'll  
cry

Let's ſhun this place, for 'tis accuſed ground.  
No humane kind thy wilderneſs ſhall bleſs.

## 64 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Nought, but the savage beasts, and birds of prey,  
Shall fix their hideous habitation there.

To them ungrateful men shall quit their seat.

To them, thy marble roofs, and cedar rooms,  
Shall then be dens. Thy courts of justice then  
Shall be their haunts of state. There shall they  
plod

For blood, where tyrants bore their spoils of old.  
There in wild harmony shall they convene,  
And triumph, in their turn; more innocent  
Than men had been, who govern'd there before.

How will the mournful satyrs there bemoan,  
And ghosts glide horrible along thy ruins,  
To view where their unburied bodies lay?  
There shall the owls and dragons load the air,  
And strike the traveller's ear with dismal sound,  
All the obscener birds of dusky night  
Will there resort, and hide themselves from day.  
Voracious monsters there shall find repose,  
And hooping horrors make the place more baleful.  
Forboding fowls and ghosts, confus'd, shall dwell,  
And speak their dire presages on the walls,  
With earth laid level. This, O *Babylon*,

Is



*Poetical Paraphrases, &c. 61*

Is thy just doom, the punishment of guilt.  
Thus will th' Almighty, patient long, exert  
At last his vengeance on an impious race,  
Who scorn'd his warnings, and refus'd his grace.



ISAIAH, Chapter 63. To the 8th Verse,

**P**Repare the way---a godlike form I see---  
He comes with more, than human majesty!  
Before him, clouds, in hasty tumult, flow,  
Amazing terror fixes on his brow.  
Ten thousand glories shine around his head,  
His heav'nly eyes a dazzling splendour spread.  
A garment roll'd in scarlet blood he wears,  
Haste, in his steps, and dreadful pomp appears.  
Along the *Idumean* road, in state,  
He travels streight from *Bozrah's* splendid gate.  
Observe with wonder his majestick pace,  
His mien how solemn, and how bright his face!  
Behold he comes---But who can rightly tell  
What is his name? or who describe him well?

## 66 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

Hark----Lo he speaks! I hear a sacred sound----  
Nature shou'd spread the wond'rous language round.  
“ 'Tis I ( he says ) who mighty am to save,  
“ That conquer'd hell, and spoil'd the gaping grave;  
“ Whose faithful promise, like my self, is sure,  
“ And whose uprightness suits my perfect pow'r.

But say, great man, or God, instruct me why  
You come array'd in robes of scarlet dye?  
Tell, mighty hero, why enroll'd in blood,  
Like one, that in the tainting vine-press stood?

Again he speaks----Let mankind lend an ear.  
“ For you these garments drench'd, so red, I wear.  
“ For you I've trod th' unweildy press alone  
“ And, in my fury, stamp'd my enemies down.  
“ The work, which human forces could not do,  
“ Without assistance, I have done for you.  
“ The Angels trembling at a distance, stood,  
“ And own'd the labour worthy of a God.  
“ Enrag'd, I squeez'd the engine with my hand.  
“ For what before Omnipotence can stand?  
“ In triumph, I the frame of nature shook,  
“ To accomplish what I gladly undertook.

“ The

## Poetical Paraphrases, &c. 67

" The blood gush'd out from *Edom's* bursted veins,  
" And chequer'd all my robes with ornamental  
    stains.

" At length the great tremendous day is come,  
" When Antichrist shall have his fatal doom.  
" My heart has study'd just revenge, till now,  
" No longer foes my saints shall sore pursue.  
" I'll rescue those, I have redeem'd, from harm,  
" And who were late oppress'd shall bless my sa-  
    ving arm.

" 'Tis done---The great important work is done,  
" Altho' I call'd, but helped was by none.  
" Nor Heav'n nor Earth their kind assistance  
    brought :  
" They stood spectators while I singly wrought.  
" Deserted thus, with wonder and surprise,  
" I resolutely seiz'd mine enemies,  
" Laid hold on fury for my strong support,  
" Exerted vigour in a bold effort,  
" In pangs of death triumph'd o'er all my foes,  
" And put a period to my people's woes.

" Let

## 68 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

“ Let hell and all its legions in array  
“ Combine, and warlike engines joyn'd display,  
“ Oppose my glory and my people's good,  
“ I'll write my victory in their blackest blood.  
“ Mine arm has might to crush them all alone,  
“ And on their ruins rear a sacred throne.  
“ Their deepest plots shall be discern'd and broke,  
“ And highest pillars reel beneath my stroke.

Thy faints, O Lord, with grateful songs shall  
raise

Their souls to thee, and spread thy glorious praise.  
For me, inspir'd with wonder, love and joy,  
My tongue and pen to thank thee I'll employ.  
So great and numerous all thy mercies are,  
Eternity is short my duty to declare.





Poetical Paraphrases, &c. 69

\*\*\*\*\*

I T I M. 6. 6. *In a Letter to a Friend.*

**B**elieve it, Sir, he's neither rich, nor great,  
Who boasts th' enjoyment of a vast estate,  
Gay buildings, splendid titles and renown,  
Unless his fortune true religion crown.

If cank'ring cares invade the owner's breast,  
Or thirst of fame disturb his peaceful rest;  
If sense of guilt his weary mind perplex,  
Or ev'ry adverse dispensation vex;  
Amidst his high possessions he is poor,  
More wretch'd than those, who beg from door to  
door.

True greatness lies in riches of the mind;  
And happy they who can that treasure find.  
It bears no lustre from descent of blood:  
But he's made noble, who was first made good.  
All other gain is useless to the soul.  
The streams of bliss alone from true religion roll.

The

70 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

The man, who, well contented with his state,  
Devoutly keeps the laws of God, is great.  
His conscience pure affords a constant feast,  
And sensual joys are nauseous to his taste.  
He strives the way of error to decline,  
Well pleas'd to suffer rather than to sin.  
With Heav'n, where his affections center'd are,  
He holds a friendly intercourse, with care.  
Dead to this world, he knows no other strife,  
Than tends to fix him in a better life.  
From grov'ling joys, he daily learns to rise,  
Scorn this dark scene, and claim the brighter skies.

To such a man no grisly form appears,  
His mind is free from all tormenting fears.  
Nothing comes wrong, to him for tryal sent;  
'Tis God that orders, and he rests content,  
Faith in the precious promises supports  
His soul, 'midst Satan's ruining efforts.  
He feels within a present dear delight,  
And what he hopes for animates his flight.  
The pow'r whose will he labours to obey,  
Preserves him safe, and guides him in the way  
To the blest seats of everlasting day.

REVE-

*Poetical Paraphrases, &c. 71*



REVELATIONS, *Chap. 1. from Ver. 13.*

**W**HO cou'd, and yet outlive th' amazing  
light,

O who cou'd stand the stress of so much light !  
Amidst the golden lamps the vision stood,  
Form'd like a man, with lustre of a God.

A kingly vesture cloth'd him to the ground,  
And radiant gold his sacred breasts surround :  
But all too thin the Deity to shroud,  
For heav'nly rays pierc'd thro' th' unable cloud.

His head, his awful head, was grac'd with hair,  
As soft as snow, as melted silver fair ;  
And from his eyes such active glories flow,  
The seraphs well might veil their faces too.

His feet were strong and dreadful, as his port,  
Worthy the Godlike form they did support ;  
His voice resembled the majestic fall  
Of mighty waves: 'twas great and solemn all.

His



72 *Poetical Paraphrases, &c.*

His pow'rful hand a starry scepter held,  
His mouth a threat'ning two edg'd sword did wield,  
His face so wondrous, so divinely fair,  
As all the glorious lights had been contracted there.

And now my fainting spirits strove in vain  
The uncorrected splendour to sustain:  
Unable longer such bright rays to meet,  
I dy'd beneath the load, at the great vision's feet.

But he that doth the springs of life contain  
Breath'd back my soul, and bid me live again,  
And thus began, but oh, with such an air,  
As nothing but a pow'r divine had made me hear.

From an unviewable Eternity  
I was, I am, and must for ever be  
Once dead, but now an endless life I gain,  
And over Death and Hell triumphant reign.

2. MR. 55

F I N I S.



